

MARVEL

011

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DUGGAN
LARRAZ
GRACIA





Hey, Gambit! We gotta get ahold of
our bookie and see if we can make
bets about Gameworld @#&%\$#@
the bed. Can we short a casino?

-- ROCKET

[x-men_[0.00]
[x-men_[0.11]

[x-men_[0.00]
[x-men_[0.11]



[x-men_[0.00].....]
[x-men_[0.11].....]
[x-men_alpha.]

Not too long ago...

Welcome back to the live **MOJOWORLD+** investor day special!

Hold for applause...
APPLAUSE!

Woohoo!

In just a bit, we'll have some major X-news! **HAW!**

But before we get to your favorite and not favorite mutants, let's have an exclusive update on the launch of **GAMEWORLD!**

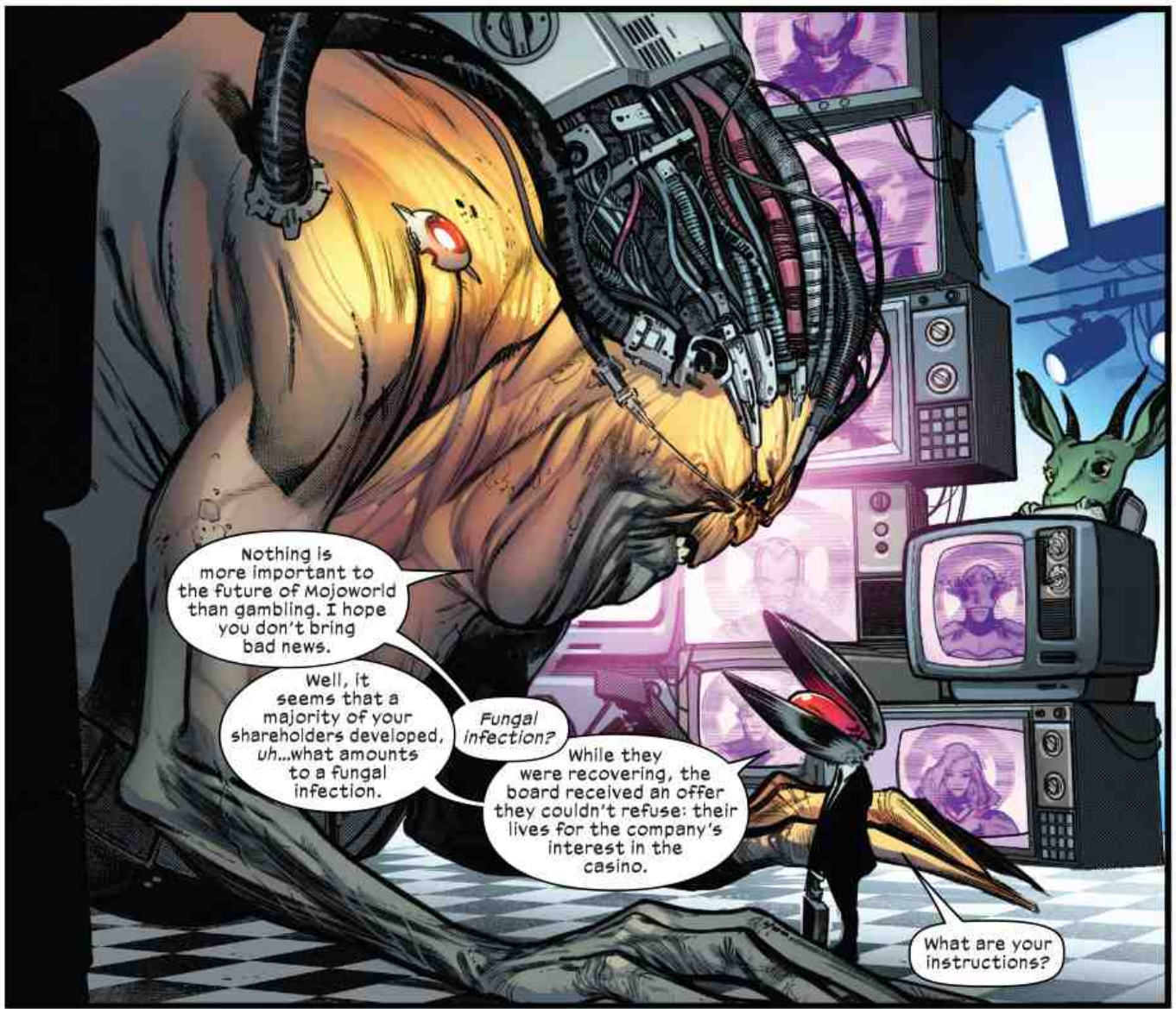
Excuse me, Mr. Mojo. We have an emergency.

Well, it's a good thing we're not really live, right, little mouse?

What is so important?

Somebody scary is here to see you. It's...

...it's a lawyer.



"...the best of what that mud ball can throw at him."

NOW.

Earth had seen an uptick in the number of alien incursions after Arakko was reborn on Mars. It was the *opposite* of what was supposed to happen.

Rather than wait for another extinction-level event, the X-Men went on the offense.



Welcome, friends.

What to do first, ladies? The spas? The shopping?

We're here for the gambling, Sugah.

Is that Mysterium?

We got more where this came from.

Well, ah. Ha. Ooh.

You four have earned our most generous line of credit. Welcome to Gameworld. We wish you the best of luck.



We make our own luck.

IC X-MEN

HIGH ROLLERS

Synch -- using Jean Grey's powers -- wiped the knowledge of mutant resurrection from human reporter Ben Urich's mind in order to protect Krakoa, but even with one threat eliminated, many more circle the mutant nation.

The anti-mutant organization known as Orchis continues to gather resources and plot against mutantkind. The recent establishment of an outpost on Arakko's moon Phobos by Orchis' agent, Feilong, has provoked Arakkii and Earthen mutants alike.

Meanwhile, somewhere in the far corners of the galaxy lies Gameworld, a deep space casino where Cordyceps Jones is taking bets on the destruction of Earth. Thankfully, Rogue has some connections of her own that may allow the X-Men to turn the odds in their favor...



[WOLVERINE]



[ROGUE]



[MARVEL GIRL]



[DR. STASIS]



[SUNFIRE]



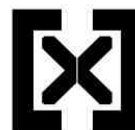
[CAPTAIN KRAKOA]



[SYNCH]



[CORDYCEPS JONES]



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VC's Clayton Cowles/Letterer
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Javier Garrón & Edgar Delgado [Skrull];
Lucas Werneck [Trading Card]
/Variant Cover Artists

X-Men created by
Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

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A short time ago, down in
Gambit's extralegal gambling
den in the Treehouse.

Gameworld's
a new casino, and
if the players there
are gambling on your
fate, it's bad luck
fer ya.



One day,
your planet exists,
the next day, it's
busted out.

When
somebody
decides it's worth
more dead than
alive.

Blam!
That's it.



Then they
got corporations
that go through and
strip the world for parts.
The money and suspicion are
laundered through Gameworld.
It's practically its own solar
system so it's not like
there's strict
accounting.



As fer
security: They
got psi-dampeners--
like that would
ever stop Jean,
right? Ha.



BUT--they got psi-
alarms, which is way
more problematic.

Meat-wrapped
robots whose only
gig is to sniff out
the big brains.

The
joint's really
something.



I'm happy
I got to see it
once. Before whatever
you're about to do to
it happens.





Well, Rocket was right on the money. This place sure is something.

Capitalism's final form.

Gambling on the ruin of worlds.

As expected, the psi-dampeners are laughable--the psi-alarms are less so.

So we stick to the plan.

'Kay. Have fun. I'm off to play "the scrapper."



Be safe.



Well, helloooo.



Ooh. I have a few minutes.

The Treehouse.

Thank you for dropping in, Iron Man and Captain Marvel, but I'm sorry, we didn't really notice an uptick in attacks from space.

Wow. Seriously, Sunfire?

You know how it looks to us? The X-Men blast into space in some big hurry, and they leave you here to watch the planet.

You're on goalie duty.

...the goalie is the most important player on the team!

Well, if that were true...

At that moment, in a particularly evil part of New Jersey, Captain Krakoa and Synch were on the trail of Dr. Stasis.

The Avengers are at the Treehouse. I used Jean's powers to listen in.

Man, does everybody know which buttons to push on Sunfire?

Well, there certainly is that, but--I don't know if we gain anything by lying to the Avengers.

Earth is a piñata on Gameworld because we took Mars.

What's the upside of not telling the truth?

When you asked me to synch with Wolverine, I didn't know you'd be dragging my heightened senses into the sewer.

Sorry. Logan always complained too. I thought it was worth a shot to try to follow the monsters that attacked us.

Actually...the monsters went to the right--and someone covered in your blood bumped up against the wall and went to the left.

Then...

...we each have a path. Be safe.

The Gameworld security force suspected nothing.



Wolverine hit the deck just hard enough to be heard. Trying to get captured is a delicate balance.



Heya, toots.

Nice to meet you.

What?



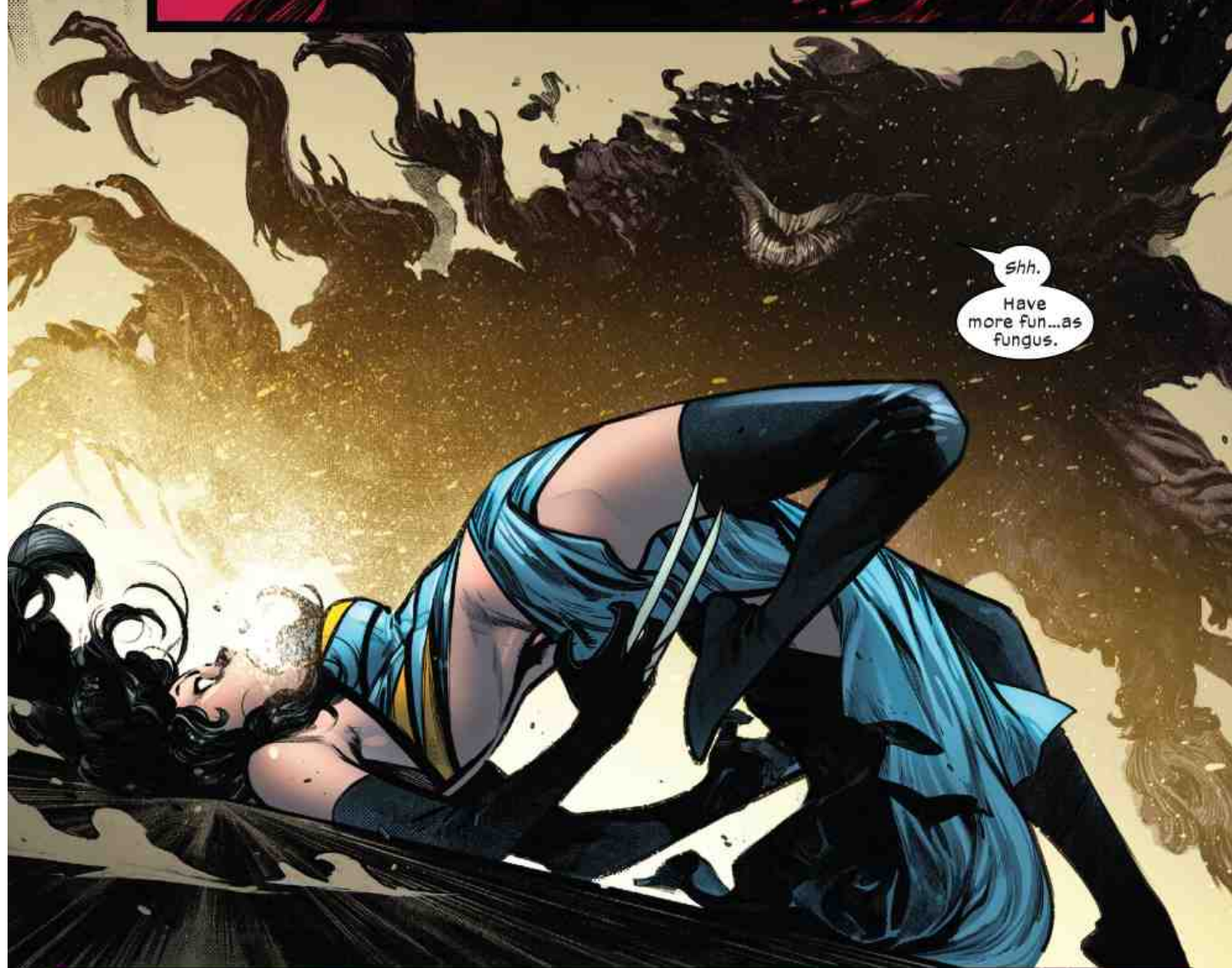
You didn't think you could land on Gameworld and hide yer adamantium, did you?



What kind of casino would I run?



What kind of boss would I be?



I guess
Mr. Stasis is
getting rid of the
evidence.

He'll
regrow us
when he needs
us, and...it's...
Doctor
Stasis.

Sniff

Forgive
me if I don't
tuck tail--

--for
every mutant
pretending
to be the
Wolverine!



Don't
test me.



GROOOAAR!



RRAAH!

SNKT

SNKT







Hope you guys can hear me on the backup radio.

The engines are black holes--if we sabotage them, none of us are getting out of here.

Wolverine should be back from scouting the security by now.

I'm on my way to rendezvous from mah scout to meet Polaris.

Wait... did...did you go shopping?

I did-- and I learned that Gameworld is run on slave labor.

If the workers here get out of line, Cordyceps will allow wagers on their planets.



Jean's in place. Time for a distraction. Those slot machines are cyborgs...

Those are slot machines?



...they have easy buttons for me to press.



Multiple house-breaking jackpots ring out across the floor.



All the pawns
are lured out...

Security
to slots--
now!



...as the queen slides
into position.

PLANET
DESTROYED

She witnesses
the end of a
young world
rich in
resources
and has only
one thought:

Never
again.



Ladies,
gentlemen.

HIT
HIT



You've
had your
fun.

You've battered
my home for your
amusement, trying to
kill us off and break our
planet apart to fund...
this grotesque palace
I stand in.

If you
stay at this
table and you seek to
profit off the demise of
my home...then you gamble
more than you realize,
and none of you
are safe.





...in fact,
I'm kind of all
around you.
HAW! HAW!

I'm
impressed.

But I got
your friend
here, and she's
come to see
things my
way.



Don't feel bad
though...



... 'cause
yer gonna come
around too.



You think everyone
is afraid of me
now?

Wait till
I've got the
freaking former
Phoenix wrapped
around my little
finger.



Just relax
and breathe
deep.

HA HA!



ORCHIS PROTOCOL

INTERNAL COMMUNIQUÉ FROM THE DESK OF DOCTOR STASIS, ORCHIS HUMAN / RESOURCES DIRECTOR.

TO: ALL AT THE OBLIVION INSTITUTE.

FROM: DR. STASIS.

The Oblivion Institute was founded on the principal that coexistence is a lie, and empirical evidence could be presented to support it.

We have succeeded and have worked ourselves out of a job.

With the theft of Mars, others have come to my way of thinking, quite late, of course, that mutants must be eradicated.

The mutant apologists like race traitor Steve Rogers, A.K.A. "Captain America," say that the mutants have "put a natural buffer" between millions of refugee mutants and human civilization. "I don't feel threatened by Arakko in the slightest." This is preposterous, and I'm glad that this old man has revealed his true colors.

I'd like to recognize Bornan for his leadership in tough times. Much of what he asked of you was because I demanded it of him.

Drink one last serum from me, the one served in front of you now. Sleep well and know that I will see you again in your next life at Orchis.

All the best,
Doctor Stasis



Is it done,
Bornan?

Stand up,
Stasis.



It's "Doctor,"
actually.

Nice to have you
here, "Captain
Krakoa."



But
no need
for charades
down here,
Cyclops.



And you
X-Men won't be
able to mess with
my mind as long
as I'm wearing
my mask.



You don't need to worry about my betters.

I'm here alone.



You came to face your nemesis... alone?

You know, it didn't go so well for you the last time we were alone together.



I don't know whether to laugh or be insulted.



Definitely feel insulted--but leave room for worse. I haven't begun to go to work on you yet.



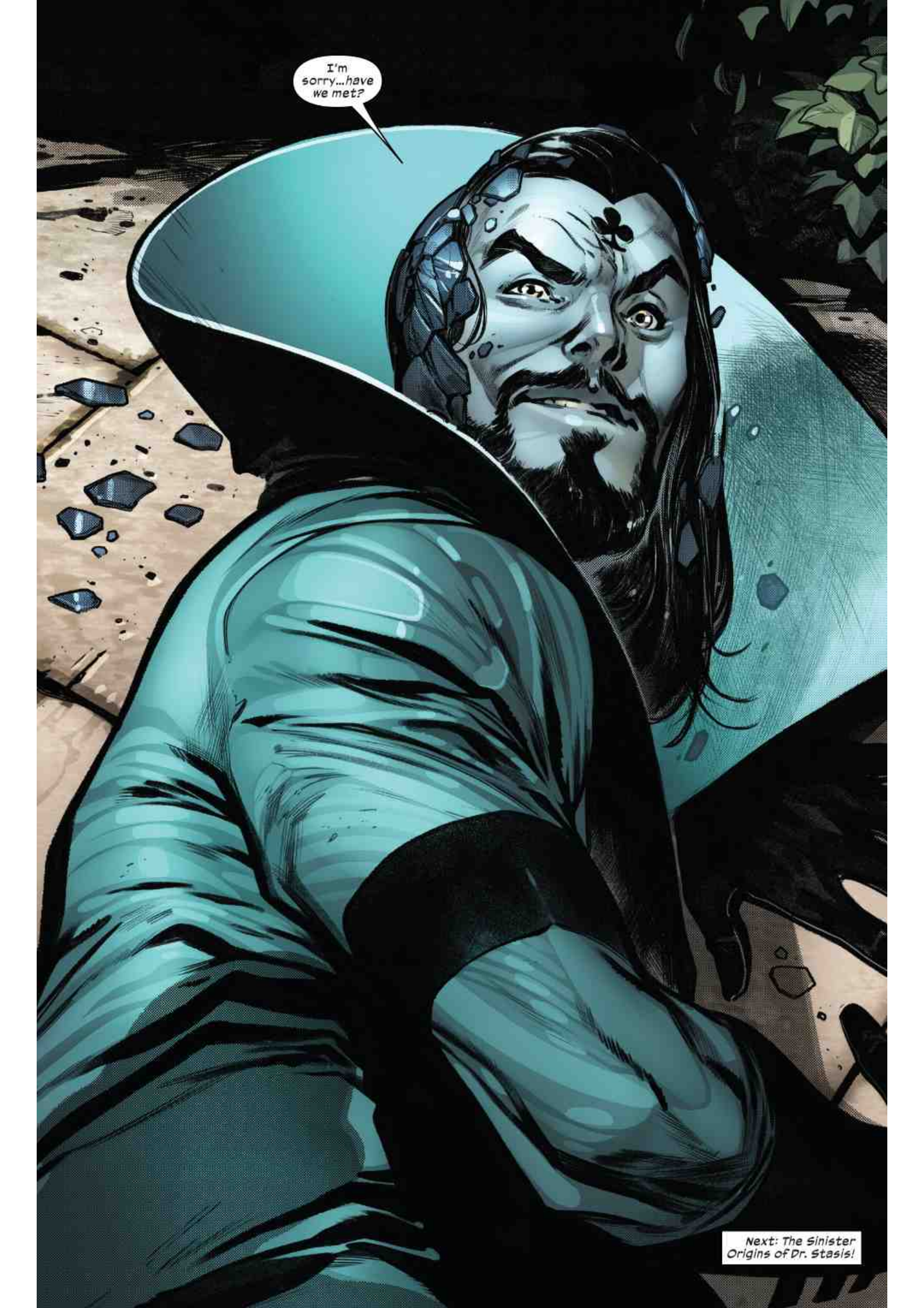
...how can
mankind not hate
cancer?



I've
heard it all
before.

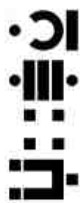






I'm
sorry...have
we met?

Next: The Sinister
Origins of Dr. Stasis!



NEXT



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X-Men Red #3

